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THE STAR DRAMA.

The Yankee Detective.

A Drama in Three Acts.

—BY:—

W. E. STEDMAN.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON.

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THE STAR DRAMA.

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EAST LYNNE.—A drama in five acts. Time, two hours and thirty minutes. Eight males, seven females.

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JOHN SMITH.—A farce. Time thirty-five min. Five males, three females.

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LADY OF LYONS.—A drama in five acts. Time, two hours and forty-five minutes. Twelve males, four females.

LARKINS' LOVE LETTERS.—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Four males, two females.

LOUVA, THE PAUPER.—A drama in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Nine males, four females.

LIMERICK BOY. (THE)—A farce. Time, forty-five minutes. Five males, two females.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.—Comedietta. Time, one hour. Four males, six females.

MY TURN NEXT.—A farce. Time forty-five min. Four males, three females.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.—A farce. Time forty-five minutes. Three males, three females.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.—A farcical drama in three acts. Time, two hours. Five males, four females.

PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN. (THE)—A farce. Time, fifty minutes. six males, three females.

QUIET FAMILY, (A)—A farce. Time, forty-five minutes. Four males, four females.

REGULAR FIX, (A)—A farce. Time, forty min. Six males, four females.

ROUGH DIAMOND. (THE) (Country Cousin)—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Four males, three females.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. (A)—A comedy drama in five acts. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. Eight males, three females.

SPARKLING CUP, (THE)—A temperance play in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Twelve males, four females.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.—A temperance drama in five acts. Time, two hours. Twelve males, four females.

TOODLES, (THE)—A drama in two acts. Time, one hour and fifteen min. Six males, two females.

TURN HIM OUT.—A farce. Time, forty-five min. Three males, two females.

THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Three males, three females.

UNDER THE LAURELS.—A drama in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Five males, four females.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

THE
YANKEE DETECTIVE,

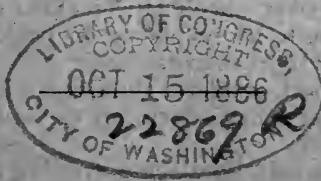
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY

✓
W. ELSWORTH STEDMAN.

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SCENE—New York City and Vicinity.



CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER,
163 Randolph Street.

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1886

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THE YANKEE DETECTIVE.

CHARACTERS.

ROBERT MILLER, the Yankee Detective.
CAPT. DUDLEY, Chief of Detectives.
CHAS. SOUTHARD, leader of a gang of counterfeitters.
SPLINTERS, a one horse lawyer.
SNIFTON, Splinters' "right bower" and chum.
WILSON, one of the gang, and a bogus detective.
TUCKER, saloon keeper, and one of the gang.
SAM, a "colored gemman from ole Tennessee."
GRANNY WIZZLE, housekeeper for the gang.
LULU SOUTHARD, abandoned wife of Chas. Southard.
MRS. WILLOUGHBY, widow of the late Col. Willoughby.
Sailors, Police, Counterfeitters, Newsboys, etc.

Time of playing—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

COSTUMES.

MILLER.—Beginning of play, business suit. As wandering musician, seedy black coat; pants old and of different color; woolen shirt without collar; glazed cap or seedy stiff hat; coarse brogans; wig long, with straggling, unkempt, gray hair; gray whiskers. As Dutchman, seedy, discolored frock coat, tails rather long; pants loose and baggy; vest buttoned high over check shirt; cloth cap; coarse shoes; long wooden pipe in mouth, to be placed in pocket during conversation; light hair and heavy light moustaches.

GRANNY.—Soiled calico or dark stuff dress loose at waist, gray hair straggling from under a dirty dark cap or sunbonnet; large spectacles; bandana handkerchief.

LADIES.—At Long Branch, handsome evening dress. Lulu, plain black dress and cheap hat.

SNIFTON.—First act, seedy make up of a loafer; whiskers. Last act, black suit, Prince Albert coat, with appearance of respectable minister; smoothly shaven.

WOLCOTT.—First act, business suit. At Long Branch, flashy evening dress, with diamond studs, watch seal, rings, etc.

THE GANG.—Miscellaneous make up, not too seedy but not too stylish. Other characters to suit situations.

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CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

PROPERTIES.

Book; tablet; card; letters; credentials; seal; call bell; basket; bag of coin; greenbacks; budget; papers; cigars in boxes; two glasses; placard; dice; staff; accordeon; fire alarm; bottle; lightning; rain; thunder; sofa; trumpet; pistol; two letters; easel, canvas and crayons; cane; tray; telegram; handcuffs; cards; checkers and board; pipes; rope; black bottle; candlestick and candle; pistols for men and police; keys; counterfeit money and dies; handcuffs; padlocks.

BILL OF PLAY.

ACT I.—U. S. Detective Agency. Scene 2.—Tucker's saloon, resort of the gang. The Yankee Detective as blind musician. The fire alarm.

ACT II.—Long Branch. The wooing. Wreck of the "Twilight." The conspiracy. Abduction.

ACT III.—Rendezvous of the counterfeiters at the sea coast. The Yankee detective as a Dutch peddler. Detected. Facing death. The police to the rescue. Capture of Wolcott and the gang.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, means right—the actor facing the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center; *R C*, right center; *U E*, upper entrance, etc.

NOTE.—If it is not practicable to represent the storm scene and sea the play may be cut so as to omit that without interrupting the course of the plot.

THE YANKEE DETECTIVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Interior of Detective Agency, office door R and L. Desk L C, at which two officers are seated writing. Chief at table R, books in case at back, also Bell telephone. Wilson, an operator, in front of table.*

Chief (to operator). If you are not laboring under a false impression, Mr. Wilson, I think we are on the right trail. You say you found some old letters which you think may throw some light on the subject. Have you got them with you?

Wilson. Yes, sir. (*Produces letters.*) They were written to Brant, but there is no name signed, and the post-mark is so imperfect that I cannot make out positively when they were mailed, but the contents show very plainly the game Brant is playing, and I think the party at Hampton, whom I mentioned in my report of the 25th, is one of Brant's confederates.

Chief (to first officer writing). Mr. Sessions, please hand me the reports on the Brant case; and, by the way, have you heard from forty-three yet?

Sessions. Yes, sir, forty-three reported last evening. (*Goes to library, back, and takes out a book, which he opens at a certain page and lays before Chief, and returns to writing.*)

(*Telephone bell rings. Chief sounds call bell. Enter William, the porter.*)

Chief. William, please answer call.

William (goes to telephone, places tube to his ear and calls). Hello—hello—Yes, sir—(*to Chief*) M. Norton & Co. wish to know if you have an operator at liberty immediately.

Chief. Step to room 4 and ascertain if No. 24 has returned.

Wm. (at telephone). Just one moment, Mr. Norton. (*Going L.*)

Sessions. Captain, No. 24 is in. He made his final report on the Hinman case just before you arrived.

Chief. Very well, William, tell Norton yes, and ask what is wrong.

Wm. (at telephone). Hello, Norton—Yes, we have a good operator at your disposal. What is the matter?—How long since? (*Business of taking message.*)

Chief (to Wilson). You may make arrangements, Mr. Wilson, to leave for Hampton on the 11:45 express to-night, and report to me before 8 o'clock this evening.

Wilson. Very well, sir. (*Starts to leave L, and runs against Sam, who is just coming in.*) Who are you, man?

Sam. I want to see de boss defective. Am dat you? You see, my name is Sam, ole Tennessee Sam.

Wilson (pointing to Chief). There's the Captain, tell your business to him. (*Exit L.*)

Sam. Oh, you ain't de boss! Am you de waitah? (*To Chief, making a low bow*) Hab I de honah ob addressing de oberseer ob dis defective business?

Chief. What is your errand here, sir?

Sam. I didn't done come on no er'and, boss. You see, my name is Sam, ole Tennessee Sam.

Chief. Well, what is your business with me?

Sam. Dat's jes' what I's gwine to tole ye. As I was alludin' at befoah, my name is Sam, ole Tennessee Sam. Yer see, boss, dat befoah de war, I war libin' down in ole Tennessee, and aftah de war—

Chief. Confound the war! What do you want. Either explain your business, or leave at once. I am too busy to be bothered by such nonsense.

Sam. Dat is jes' what I'se gwine for to do, boss. Yer see, las' night I traded watches wid a fellah—

Wm. (at telephone). Captain, shall I report this case?

Chief. William, show this gentleman of color out.

(*William takes Sam by the arm and leads him out L.*)

Sam (going). But say, boss, I done got cheated in dat trade, and I want you to help me out.

Wm. That is just what I am going to do, sir.

Sam (at door). Dar ain't no honah or justice in dese defective courts. (*Exit Sam.*)

Wm. (returns to telephone and reads message). "M. Norton & Co. say that a man giving his name as Charles Wolcott has just passed a \$100 note on us, which we, since his departure, found to be spurious. Our cashier thinks he would recognize the man if he should see him. Send us a good man at once."

Chief. Tell Mr. Norton that I will send an operator at once.

Wm. (at telephone). Mr. Norton—an operator will see you at your private office at once—yes—no, sir—that is not necessary—very well—good-bye (*rings off*).

Chief. William, tell No. 24 to report to me here at once. (*Exit William, L.*) (*To Sessions*) Mr. Sessions, please call up First National Bank, and ask if Mr. Scott is in.

Sessions. Yes, sir. (*Goes to telephone and rings—calls*) No. 8251 please. Hello—is this the First National Bank—all right—is Mr.—what—this is the United States Detective Agency—yes—is Mr. Scott in?

Sessions (to Chief). Yes, sir, Mr. Scott is in.

Chief. Ask him to come to my private office at 2:30 this afternoon.

Sessions. Captain Dudley wishes to know if Mr. Scott will come to his private office at 2:30 this afternoon. (*To Chief*) Yes sir, he will be here before 3 o'clock.

Chief. Ask him to bring those Montreal notes.

Sessions. Will Mr. Scott bring those Montreal notes—Montreal notes—yes, bring them with you this afternoon. Good-bye (*rings off and returns to desk*).

(Enter No. 24., the Yankee detective L.)

Chief. Mr. Miller, we have another case of the queer. A party has just passed a \$100 dollar note on M. Norton & Co.; you are to go to Mr. Norton's private office at once, and get all the information possible on the subject. We must try hard to capture the gang, and, if possible, capture the dies. You have been very successful in cases of this kind heretofore, and I hope you will do your best in this affair.

Miller. If perseverance can accomplish anything, I will be successful.

(Enter William L with card, which he hands to Chief.)

Wm. A lady wishes to see you on business, Captain.

Chief (to second officer at desk). Mr. Penrod, will you go and interview this lady? William, show the lady into my private office. (Exit William L. Hands card to Penrod, who exits R. To Miller) Here are your credentials, Mr. Miller. (Gives card). Please report as soon as possible.

(Closed in by street scene).

SCENE II. Street in second grooves. Enter Splinters L.

Splinters. Well, I am in a financial dilemma.—I, the once noted and honored descendant of my father. I was admitted to the bar in '77, and have been a devout patron of the bar ever since. Perhaps you will question my word if I tell you how much I was worth two years ago, but I can look you straight in the face and take my oath before any magistrate, or I would stake my life, that two years ago I was worth at least quite a bit; but you see I am a great admirer of fine art, and I took it into this intellectual cranium two years ago to have a picture painted. The picture was a grand old work of art, and was as true to nature as anything ever produced by Rubens. But my indulgent hearers, that little gem of art cost me all I was worth. I will show you the little gem that has ruined me. I call it my little strawberry sunset. It is right here on the end of my proboscis. At the present time I am rusticationing for my health.

(Enter Snifton L.)

Snifton. Hello, Splinters, what are you croaking about? Didn't you tell me once, Splinters, that you were a lawyer? (They shake).

Splint. Yes, sir, I was a lawyer by birth; it was hereditary in my father's family. Why do you ask?

Snif. Don't you want a suit to try. I know where you can get one and good pay.

Splint. Where is it, old boy?

Snif. Down at the Star Clothing House is a dandy suit which they overlooked while taking in their goods. You can get it, Splinters, with half a try.

Splint. My dear Mr. Snifton, I am astonished at your audacity. The bare idea, sir, that you should imagine for a moment that I would appropriate to my individual use anything to the amount of a farthing belonging to any other person, male or female. It is preposterous, sir, decidedly preposterous. But we will repair to the place you mention, and if the

situation is not too hazardous, I may reconsider the question, and lift the goods.

Snif. Well, yes, that is about the stuff; let's go before the merchant takes them in. (*Exeunt R.*)

(*Enter Chas. Wolcott, L.*)

Wol. I am not an American by birth, yet I love this great land of the free for several reasons, one of which is that if you have plenty of tin you are a gentleman, no matter what crowd you are in, and I believe since I left my troubles behind in England, and came here, I have been as lucky a dog as the sun ever shone on. But of late fate seems to be against me, not financially, however, for between you and me, I've raked in a cool \$4,000 in the last two days, but that darling little widow with her half million stowed away, I am afraid I'm not liable to rake in. But you know the old adage says, "Faint heart never won fair lady," and that half million I need in my business, and fair or foul, I must and shall have it. I wonder what Lulu would say to that. Lulu was not a bad wife after all, but you see her religious scruples and my *modus operandi* didn't go well together, so I left her to her church while I came here for gold in exchange for green paper.

(*Enter Sam L with a budget; runs against Wolcott.*)

Wol. Here, you imp of blackness, hadn't you better look where you are going?

Sam. I beg youah pardon, sah! I beg youah pardon, sah! You see, boss, my name is Sam, Ole Tennessee Sam. (*Lays down bundle.*)

Wol. Well, is that any reason why you should go gauping around, and run over everybody you meet?

Sam. Wal, you shouldn't have such big feet youahself to spread all ober de walk, when a gemmen wants to pass (*takes out watch*). You see, boss, I was looking foah a fellah dat I got dat watch ob.

Wol. (*aside*). Here's a soft one; perhaps he carries swag; I'll tap him. (*To Sam*) Didn't get it when his back was turned, did you?

Sam (*angry*). Look a heah, boss, you don't mean for to go to insindicate dat I done stole dat watch, do you?

Wol. Oh, no. I didn't know but you borrowed it when he was out, and was just looking for him to return it.

Sam. No, sah, dem am not de facks in dis case. No, sah, de fac' am I done traded watches wid a fellah, and he done gib me de wrong watch, an' mine was a good one dat I borrowed ob ole Massa when I run'd away. But dis ole persimmon seed ain't worf a picayune. (*Raps it on the floor.*) See, dat ain't got no tick.

Wol. (*winks at audience*). That's not a bad looking watch. What will you take for it?

Sam. What, you want to buy dat watch? Wal, dat ain't a bad one if it was fixed up a bit, and I believe to goodness gracious dat two bits worf ob tinkerin' would make it good as new.

Wol. (*aside*.) No doubt (*to Sam*). Well, what will you take?

Sam. Fifty dollars, sah. De gole in it mus' be worf more dan dat.

Wol. But you just said it wasn't worth a picayune.

Sam. You see, boss, gole am riz since dat; dar want no market for watches den.

Wol. I'll give you five dollars for it, and that is four dollars and ninety-five cents more than it's worth.

Sam. Five dollars for a gole watch! Say, boss, what do you take me for.

Wol. Oh, well, you needn't do it. I don't care for it.

Sam. Oh, dat's all right boss, I wouldn't let a few dollars spile a trade. Take it along wid ye. (*Gives to W.*)

Wol. But hold on. I have nothing smaller than a twenty. Can you change it?

Sam. By goodness gracious, boss, don't believe I got enough. Let me see. (*Takes out bag of money and pours it on the ground; both stoop down and count it.*)

Wol. (*counts*). 2—7—9—10—12—50. Twelve fifty; is that all you have?

(*Enter Newsboy calling*)

Newsboy. "Times," "Tribune," morning papers. Full account of the Brooklyn fire and the counterfeit dodge. Morning papers. (*To Wol.*) Paper, sir?

Wol. (*Excited*). Yes, give me a paper. (*Gives paper*).

Newsboy (*to Sam, who is counting money*). Hello, nig, where did ye get dat cotton in yer eye? (*Gives Sam's bundle a kick*). Take in yer clothes, nig, it's goin' to rain. (*Sam scrambles to get the clothes; boy grabs some money and runs, L.*)

Sam (*threatening*). Here, you dirty little debel, bring back dat money, or I hab you 'rested, shuah.

Enter Miller and Cashier. Cross the stage from L. to R. As they are nearly off, Cashier points over his shoulder, "That's your man." Miller takes a look at Wolcott who is reading. Both exit R.

Wol. (*to Sam*). Here is a \$10 note; give me that five.

Sam (*muttering as he gives and takes money*). If I ketch dat little debel, I'll break ebery bone in his body.

(*Business of picking up clothes. Wolcott reading*).

"M. Norton & Co. taken in by a notorious counterfeiter. City flooded with spurious money. Yesterday about noon a stylish looking man walked into M. Norton & Co.'s retail jewelry department and bought a ring for \$5, giving for change a \$100 note. On receiving the change he walked quietly out, and when too late the cashier discovered the note to be worthless. This is the third or fourth case of this kind in the last week. The city detectives are doing their best to get at the bottom of this queer business, but so far their efforts are fruitless." (*To audience*). You may bet your life their efforts are fruitless, and always will be. But I believe I'll make myself scarce for a few days till this matter blows over. Let me see. By Jove, I have it. The little widow and some of her friends are spending a few days at the seaside. I'll just take a little run down there, and maybe I can make a final mash on her and get

that half million. By the way, I'll go over and see Tucker and put him on his guard. (*Exit R., followed by Shadow.*)

Sam (*coming down*). By gracious goodness, dis yur's de worstest place I eber got into. Why, dey'd steal de buttons right off yuah coat if you'd let 'em. (*Looks off right.*) Now den, who am dat comin' dis way.

(*Enter woman R carrying a basket of white clothes.*)

Wom. Mister, can you tell me the time of day, please?

Sam. Lor, missus, I would be mos' preceedingly happy to do so, but I has done gone an' sole my watch.

Wom. (*Setting down basket close to street scene C.*) Well, that is most unfortunate, but would you please take care of my basket while I go down the street just a few doors; I won't be long, and it's so heavy to carry.

Sam (*bowing very low*). Mos' presuredly, missus; mos' presuredly I will. (*Exit woman L.*)

Sam. Sho, now, how you s'pose she knew it was safe to leab dat basket wid me. I tell you how she kno'; it was by dis hones' open countenance. You s'pose dar am watah million in dem basket? (*Stoops down and smells over basket*). Dem ain't no fried chicken. Hole on, now, ole hoss fly! Ole Tennessee Sam ain't no fellah for to go snoopin' roun' into oder-folks bizness like de white trash. (*Comes down*). Guess I try an' 'muse myself till de lady comes back. Seems to me it takes her a good while to go down de street a few doahs. (*Sings a song ending with a break down which awakens the child in the basket. See note below. Sam evinces great surprise*). Fo' de lawd sake, dem ain't no watah million. (*Grabs basket and runs off left, calling*) Heah, missus, come back an get yuah chile!

(*Street scene runs up showing*)

SCENE III. *Bar Room. Bar, L. U. E. Table, R. U. E., at which Splinters and Snifton are seated, throwing dice. Two loafers C., reading. Tucker behind the bar. As the curtain rises first loafer gets up and comes to the bar.*

First L. Tucker, let me have one of your best Havanas. What's the matter of the boys? They don't seem to drop in this evening.

Tuck. I don't know. Generally indisposed, I guess. I had a fair trade this forenoon, but the evenings are getting short, now, you know, and this new law that compels us to close at midnight is pretty hard on a fellow that wants to work out an honest living.

Snifton. (*At table.*) Say, Splinters, if I don't beat that throw, then my name's not Bill Snifton (*throws*) There! There's a pair of sevens. (*Puts one back and shakes over*) there, beat that if you can.

Splinters. All right, Bill, give us your corn stealer. (*They shake.*)

NOTE.—The basket should be placed close to the scene. A person back of the scene can reach under the scene with a piece of wire and cause the white goods in the basket to kick up as if a child was under them. The person can at the same time imitate a child crying, which will readily be taken for the child in the basket. The wire can be previously put in the basket, and the end slipped under the scene as she sets down the basket.

Come Snifton, let's take a drop of Tucker's forty rod bust yer head. (*Coming over to bar.*) Here, Tuck, give us a sniff of some of yer best red-eye.

Tuck. I told you fellows half an hour ago that you couldn't have another drop of anything at this bar, and I tell you now as a friend you had better go home and sleep off what you have already got down, for you can't get any more.

Splinters. I say, Tucker, jest let us have 'bout so much (*measures on his fingers*) and we'll go 'ome.

Tuck. Not another drop to either of you.

Snif. Then we won't go 'ome till morning.

Both. (Sing.) Then We Won't Go 'Ome Till Morning, etc.

(*Enter Wolcott, L. 2 E.*)

Wol. Hello, Tucker, how's business? Why don't you clean out these noisy vagabonds? They're a nuisance to any respectable place.

Snif. Who are you calling noisy vagabonds, you miserable, low-lived spalpeen in kid gloves?

Splinters. Say, Mr. Starch-box, if it were not for the demoralizing effect it would have on those paste diamonds you wear, I would just hand you one for the fun of it.

Tuck. If you fellows don't let up I'll put you both out of doors. You are nothing else than drunken vagabonds, and you would do me a favor if you would leave and never come in here again.

Splinters. Say no more, Mr. Tucker, say no more at this moment. We will take our departure, but before leaving I find it my painful duty to inform you that you are a fool, and like some others I might condescend to mention, you don't know when you are well used. Come Snifton, we will go out and get some fresh air. Farewell, your Highness, before we return I would suggest that you cause your den to be fumigated with bromo-chloral. (*They start to leave at R. and meet Miller disguised as an old blind musician.*) Hello, old Peacock, are you playing a game of blind man's buff?

Miller. (Coming to center.) I 'opes young man, ye may never be called upon to play the same game in life that I am compelled to play, for I tell ye young man that, although it may be fun for you, it is very humiliating for me.

Splinters. (Getting a stool.) My slightly dilapidated and otherwise unfortunate friend, allow me to place before your Highness a pedestal on which we pray you will condescend to be seated, and after refreshing the inner man with a sweet draught of Tucker's Balm of Life, you will kindly oblige the worthy gentlemen here assembled by rendering a tune on that complicated machine of yours; after which I shall be most happy to descend to the utmost depths of my capacious pocket and select from the numerous gems of wealth therein contained, that which is of more value than all the rest (*Feels in his pocket and holds up a button.*) A button! And if you play well you shall have it, even though it be my last. (*Comes to bar.*) Mr. Tucker, give the old gentleman a glass of brandy and I'll pay for it, (*Tucker fills and Splinters takes it. Comes to a stand behind the old man*) and like a guardian angel shielding the innocent

child as it wanders from its mother's knee into the haunts of wickedness, I'll save you, old boy, from this besetting sin, by drinking it myself. (*Tucker comes behind and snatches the glass. Takes Splinters by the collar.*)

Tuck. And I'll save myself any further trouble from your impudence by kicking you out of doors. (*Shoves him to the door L. and kicks him out.*)

Snif. Mr. Tucker, ain't you ashamed to kick a man when his back is turned? (*Exit L.*)

Tuck. Shut up, or I'll serve you the same way. (*To old man.*) Come old man, grind us out a tune. You won't pick up many coppers here, but I can give ye a nip of something to brace ye up if ye like.

Miller. Ye are very kind, sir, but it's not so much the nip I cares for as a little rest, for having no home of my own, I am compelled to rest wherever I can get it, but I don't mind if I play a little for ye. (*While he plays Tucker fills a glass with brandy and brings it.*)

Tuck. Here, take a little brandy and sugar and grind us out another tune, then ye may rest as long as ye like. Let me bring ye a little water to put out the fire. (*While he has gone for water, Miller throws contents of glass on the floor unobserved. Tucker brings water which Miller drinks and returns glass.*)

Miller. That's a fine brand of liquor. (*Plays and drops to sleep.*)

Loafer. M. Norton & Co. rather got it on to them yesterday, didn't they, Tucker?

Tuck. Why how's that?

Loafer. Here is what the evening paper says of it. (*Reads.*) "Another bold stroke of shoving the queer was practiced on M. Norton & Co., between ten and eleven o'clock yesterday by a dashing middle-aged man who passed a one hundred dollar bill on them, which the cashier discovered, when too late, to be a finely executed counterfeit. This is the fourth circumstance of this kind during the week, and it is a pity that among all the city forces something cannot be done to capture this gang of counterfeiters."

Wol. I'll tell you why they don't capture them. There isn't among the best detectives of this city a man who is sharp enough to catch a weasel asleep.

Tuck. Well, that's about the size of it.

Loafer. (*Comes up to bar.*) Give me a cigar, Tucker. (*Lights and exit L.*)

Wol. (*Looks at old man.*) I wonder if that old codger is asleep? (*Shakes Miller.*) Yes, let him snooze. I suppose it's a rarity for the old rackabones to find a dry place to take a nap. I've been waiting for half an hour to get a chance to talk with you. It's getting too hot here and I've concluded to get out for a few days until the breeze is over. That rub at Norton's was a close call. I don't believe I was more than three blocks away when they discovered the flimsy, and that blasted cashier might know me yet, if we should chance to meet.

Tuck. Then it was you who shoved the note on M. Norton & Co. I was wondering which one of the boys it could be.

Wol. But here is the richest thing of all. You remember Bob Wilson, our engraver—the one that made the five thousand so slick on the

theatre panic? Well, do you know he's wormed his way into Capt. Dudley's Detective Agency, and has spotted nearly every man on the force, and I understand that Norton has engaged a man from that agency to work on this case. So Bob will have a chance to work a double part, and I'll bet he'll succeed.

Tuck. Deuced lucky for us that Bob is one of our gang. I only wish we had more just like him.

Wol. By the way, Tucker, I'll write my address for you, and don't forget to keep me posted if anything turns up, and you had better lay low and not try to pass any of the flimsy for awhile, or at least till you hear from me.

Tuck. (taking down placard at back). Here, write your address on the back of this. It will be handier for me to find. *(As he writes, the distant fire-alarm strikes 3-2-5. Tucker listens.)*

Tuck. (replaces card at back). Say, Wolcott, didn't that fire alarm strike 3-2-5? That's in this block. By Jove, I couldn't afford to have a lot of blundering firemen prowling around this building now. *(They both exit left. Miller slips off his shoes and goes quickly to card, copies the address on a tablet, and returns, during which Wolcott and Tucker are talking outside.)*

Tuck. I guess it's all right; it's a hot one, but won't reach here. Won't you come in again?

Wol. Not now. I want to get off on that night express.

(Enter Tucker just as Miller reaches his seat.)

Tuck. Here, here, old man, what have you got your shoes off for?

Miller. Well, ye see my good man, me feet gets aweary, and it's resting them when I remove the brogans.

Tuck. Well, you can't stay here all night, and as it's getting late, you had better put them on and be jogging. I want to shut up.

Miller. Well, I will be movin'. *(To audience.)* This is a very hard world to live in, and very few poor old men like me ever get out alive.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Piazza at Long Branch, showing a view of sea at back, vessels and sail boats moving, etc. Sofa R. and archway, with curtains, Wolcott and Mrs. Willoughby enter as the curtain rises. They seat themselves on a sofa, R. Enter Sam L.*

Sam. Ladies an' gemmen, de 'scursion steamer "Twilight" leaves Grand Pier at 7:30 sharp. *(Exit L. Guests file through, talking.)*

Wol. Mrs. Willoughby, is it really necessary we should go for this sail? I would much prefer to stop here and have a little chat all by ourselves.

Mrs. W. Well, really, now, Mr. Phelps, nothing would suit me better, for, to tell the truth, these boat-rides are getting so frequent that to me, at least, they are becoming monotonous; and do you know that, although I have been here only two weeks, I am just dying to get back

home, for I really do believe that at times there is more noise and tumult here than at New York.

Wol. Mrs. Willoughby, are you quite sure there is not some other magnet than home that is drawing you back to New York? In fancy, I see—

Mrs. W. (hastily). Oh, Mr. Phelps, you men are always fancying something. Do you suppose if there was a magnet, as you term it, back in New York, I would have allowed you to make love to me for the last week? Please, Mr. Phelps, don't try to make out that I'm given to flirting.

Wol. Mrs. Willoughby, Edith, I've something I wish to tell you—something that I can keep secret no longer—and can't you guess what, above all things, I would like to know? It is this, Edith—

(Enter Sam quickly L. U. E., singing popular melody. Comes down.)

Wol. Confound that impudent nigger! Mrs. Willoughby, suppose we take a stroll down on the beach and see the excursionists off. *(Going.)* If it were in my power I'd have every Ethiopian exterminated from the face of the earth. *(Both exit, L. U. E.)*

Sam (comes down C). Jes' so, Mr. Phelps, jes' so. When you get de power, dat'll be time enough to brag.

(Enter L. U. E. Miller disguised as an artist.)

Sam. I beg you' pardon, sah. Did I disturb your equilibrium?

Miller. Are you the porter here?

Sam. Yes, sah, I am sah. *(Making a low bow.)* What can I hab de pleasure ob doing fo' you, sah?

Miller. Go down to the hall and bring up my traps.

Sam (going.) Yes, sah. Do you expec' to ketch any game in dem traps roun' heah?

Miller. What a blockhead you are! It's my easel and canvas. I want to make a sketch.

Sam. Oh, am dat it? *(at door L. U. E.)* Say, can you make a profile of dis pusson?

Miller (raising his cane.) Yes, and I'll draw the outlines with this cane, if you don't go and get my things.

Sam. I'se gwine, sah. *(Exit L. U. E.)*

Miller (coming down). If Job had as many of those things around him as he had boils, he wouldn't have crowed so much about his grit, I'm thinking. I think my man is here. *(Takes out note book and busies himself with memoranda till Sam's return.)*

(Enter L. U. E., Sam with easel and canvas.)

Sam. Har dey are, boss. Now say, won't you go for to make a picture of me? I done got no money, but I'se chuck full ob day's work. Say, I'll sing fo' ye.

Miller. All right. You sing me a song and I'll paint a correct likeness of you. *(Seats himself before easel facing.)* There, go ahead with your song. *(Sam sings, after which Miller turns easel around to audience)*

and shows a long-eared donkey. Sam goes off stage, L. U. E., very indignant.)

Miller. There now, I expect I've incurred the everlasting wrath of that fellow; but there is no great loss without some small gain. I shall not be bothered with him any more. Now for my sketch. I've shadowed that villain, Wolcott *alias* Phelps, for the last week, and, although I've seen him in all kinds of deviltry, it seems to be an impossibility to find out where that money is made. (*Steamer whistles or bell rings.*) There goes the excursion steamer. What a fine time they'll have! I had great anticipation of a ride on the "Twilight" to-day, but am disappointed since Prof. Wolcott didn't go. I add professor to his name because he is a professional pickpocket, a professional gambler, and professes to be a devoted lover of the little widow. When she learns that his diamonds are paste, his money is spurious, and the only valuable thing about him a pair of borrowed bracelets, her love will fail. (*Distant singing. Steamer crosses in distance at back. Miller finishes his sketch and the steamer goes out of sight. Wolcott and Mrs. Willoughby are heard talking outside.*)

Wol. My dear Mrs. Willoughby, what I have told you is the truth. I hope you will consider the matter, and consent to be my wife, and when once in my Southern home, surrounded by all the luxuries the heart can wish for, you will not regret your decision.

Miller (at the same time Wolcott is talking outside). Hello! Here comes the Professor and his little widow. I believe he's trying to make a final mash. (*Gets up.*) I'll just step behind the drapery, for it isn't pleasant to have spectators around when one is about to pop. (*Exit R under archway.*)

Mrs. Will. Pardon me, Mr. Phelps, if I may seem ungrateful to your offer, but you must remember we have been acquainted only a few short months; and, while I admit the acquaintance has been mutually agreeable, and I have admired you very much, yet I feel that our knowledge of each other is not such as would warrant a union without further investigation.

(Both enter L.; he leads her to a seat on the sofa.)

Wol. (as they enter). Edith, I don't know what you mean by investigation. I have never tried to appear anything but what I really am—a gentleman, I hope; but, Edith, since we met, although, as you say, it has been but a few short months, I have learned to love you with that love which tells me that without you life would be a barren waste. I know nothing of your history, or your ancestors, nor do I care. It is enough to know that you are my heart's dearest treasure, and I feel that without you life would be a burden, and I had fondly hoped, Edith, that in the near future—

Sam (sings outside). Dem golden slippers I am gwine to lay away,
'kase I hain't gwine to wear dem till my weddin' day.

(Enter Sam L, with letters on a tray.)—

Sam. Heah's a lettah for Mrs. Will'by, an' heah's one for Massa Phelps.

(Wolcott takes both, and gives one to Mrs. Willoughby. Exit Sam L.)

Both open their letters and read to themselves. After a pause Mrs. Willoughby screams) Merciful Heavens! *(and Wolcott, who is standing, drops his letter in surprise and rushes to her side. She waves him off.)*

Wol. Why, my darling, what is the matter?

Mrs. Will. Don't come near me! You are a villain! Don't dare to speak to me again!

Wol. I must and shall know what all this is about. If it concerns me I have a right to defend myself. *(Wolcott snatches letter and reads.)*

"MRS. WILLOUGHBY:—You are treading on dangerous ground. Beware of the man who is trying to win your heart. He is worse than a villain, and would marry you for your money only. Beware ere it is too late." *(Crushing the letter in his hand.)* Who has dared to do this?

Mrs. Will. (sternly—rising). Sir, I demand that letter this instant.

Wol. (tears the letter in pieces and throws it at her feet). You shall have it, but, by the heaven above us, the contents of that letter are as false as the heart of the one who wrote them. *(Mrs. Willoughby starts to leave, but Wolcott grasps her wrist and brings her back.)* You shall not leave me thus. Listen to me.

Mrs. Will. Release me, sir, this moment! *(He lets go.)*

Wol. Mrs. Willoughby, that infernal letter is but the work of some cowardly enemy, who, for some unknown reason, seeks to ruin me. *(Places his hand to his head in sham agony.)* Who—who in all this wide world could be guilty of such perfidy?

(Enter Lulu Southard quickly from L. C. Points her finger.)

Lulu. It was I who wrote that letter!

Mrs. Will. You!

Wol. Lulu!

Lulu. I, Charles Southard, your wife—and you dare not deny it!

Mrs. Will. (pointing at him sternly). Now, sir, I know you are a villain of the deepest dye. One hour ago I thought I loved you; now I know I despise you as the bitterest enemy of my life. *(To Lulu)* My dear woman, whoever you are, I shall owe you a life of devotion for your timely warning, and saving me from the snares of that *(points to Wolcott)* worse than traitor. *(Exit L. U. E.)*

Wol. (who has stood motionless). So, woman, you have dared to dog my tracks again?

Lulu. I have dared, Charles, and will go down to my grave daring to follow you till you give me back my freedom, and remove the stain on my name from before the eyes of the world. Take away the curse which you brought upon me! Give me our marriage certificate, which you carry in your bosom, and I will trouble you no more. Give it me, that I may show it to my father and revoke the curse which he pronounced upon me as he drove me from his door, supposing I had brought a stain on the name of our family. *(Pause; he is still silent. She holds out both hands, pleading.)* Oh, Charles, if you only knew how I have suffered during these five long years; how I have toiled; how I have followed you from place to place, with a faint hope that you would relent and undo this terrible wrong that is tearing my heart asunder! *(Kneeling.)* O, Charles, in memory of your sainted mother, who was a woman like myself, if you have one hope of forgiveness in the great here-

after, think, think! Remember I am an outcast, without home or friends! If you have one spark of humanity about you, give me back my good name, that I may again find a shelter beneath my father's roof.

Wol. Curse you, woman! Fiend incarnate! You, you have been the bane of my life, and a thorn in my path; and now, just as I am on the eve of prosperity, you have dared to appear to torment me, and foil my plans! Give you that marriage certificate? Bah! *Never!* It's the only evidence on earth of that miserable affair. Shall I give it up? No, —a thousand times no!

Lulu. Charles, you are too cruel. (*Covers her face and sobs.*)

Wol. (*drawing a knife.*) Curse you, woman! I've a notion to end your miserable existence, and cast your body into yonder waves, to be food for hungry fishes!

Lulu (*looking up at him*). Do it, Charles, life to me is a burden, and with my last breath I will bless you for the deed. Strike, if you will!

Wol. (*raising knife*). I'll do it, if I hang for it, and as you go down to eternity remember there was one man you could not rule!

(*Wolcott is with his back to R, near arch. Miller comes quickly in from archway behind Wolcott, and, reaching over his shoulder, points revolver in Wolcott's face. Wolcott straightens up, drops his hand to his side, and remains motionless. Lulu swoons.*)

Miller. Drop it! (*Wolcott drops knife. Miller takes Wolcott by ear.*) Forward! March! (*Comes to L. 3 E.*) Halt! Now, when I give the word I want you to travel lively straight ahead, and keep on going. It may not be healthy to look back, either. Now, go. (*Exit Wolcott. Miller keeps a bead drawn in that direction for several seconds, then turns to Lulu, who sits up.*)

Miller. Madam, can I be of any service to you? Shall I call assistance? (*Assists her to rise.*)

Lulu. No, sir, thank you. I will be stronger soon. (*Miller leads her to sofa.*) Oh, sir, why did you save my life, when it is so full of misery?

Miller. What is that man to you?

Lulu. He was my husband. (*Looks up at Miller.*)

Miller (*starting*). And you are—merciful heavens! I can't be mistaken—you are Lulu Miller?

Lulu (*springing to her feet, frightened*). That was my name, sir, but who are you?

Miller. (*Throwing off disguise.*) Look at me, Lulu, I am your brother Robert.

Lulu. (*Springs forward.*) My brother! (*Buries her face on his shoulder and sobs.*) (*Enter Sam, L. U. E. Stops short in surprise.*)

Sam. Fo' de Lawd sake, if dat fellah ain't made a mash too! Dis beats all de places I eber saw fo' mashes. I takes sour mash in mine. Guess I'll go down an' mash de cook. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Miller. Lulu, you don't know how inexpressibly nappy I am to find you. I have tried and tried in vain, to learn your whereabouts. Why, do you know, dear, that father repented his rash act before you had been away an hour, and he searched the city over and over to find you, but all in vain. Come, cheer up now, Lulu; be a brave little woman, and tell me all your troubles.

Lulu. (*Wiping her eyes and looking up.*) Oh, brother Robert, I can

scarcely believe my own eyes. Is it really you, or is it only a dream, from which I shall awaken, as in days gone by, and find that I am still alone in my sorrow?

Miller. Far from being a dream, Lulu. I am here to stand by you and to avenge your wrongs. Come, Lulu, sit down and tell me where you have been these long years, and why we have not heard from you. (*Leads her to sofa and sits by her.*)

Lulu. Robert, language cannot explain the torture I have endured, since that day when our father turned against me.

Miller. By the way, Lulu, you remember I was away when you came home that time, and I never learned the real cause of father's actions. He was so wild with remorse that we feared at one time he would lose his reason and we did all we could to draw his mind from the subject.

Lulu. It is a long, sad story, and I cannot bear to rehearse it again, but I will tell you a part, and the rest when I am stronger. You know father was very much opposed to my marriage; but, Robert, I loved Charles Southard as my own life, and, like a foolish school-girl that I was, I thought I was in the right, and poor, dear papa all wrong. But, Robert, I have repented and regretted that rash act in a way that words cannot express. You remember I was married away from home and without papa's knowledge or consent, and we started immediately for New York, and just one month from that day I learned, to my sorrow, that the man I loved above all else on earth—the man I had married—was a notorious gambler and counterfeiter. I pleaded with him and begged him to relinquish his evil ways. This only angered him, and he threatened to abandon me if I did not indorse and assist him in his terrible undertakings. That, of course, I sternly refused to do, and from that day he was never the same man. Afterward he left me. I shall never forget the morning that I found myself alone. He had taken my watch, jewelry and money, and, more than all, our marriage certificate, the only evidence on earth of our marriage. Then, Robert, my heart sank within me, for I knew not which way to turn.

Miller. The heartless scoundrel.

Lulu. I borrowed money of a lady friend who boarded at the same house and leaving my wardrobe as security, went home. Oh, Robert, how my heart throbbed with joy as I came in sight of the old homestead but alas! how soon was I to retrace my steps? In the hall I met papa. I sprang forward to greet him with a kiss, and judge of my surprise and agony, Robert, when—when he pushed me from him and handed me this letter, then, pointing to the door, sternly commanded me to leave the house and never dare set my foot on his threshold again. (*Hands letter to M.*) That cruel, cruel letter was written by my husband. You can read it for yourself. (*Miller reads.*)

"To the HON. CHAS. MILLER. Sir:—In reply to yours received some time since, concerning the welfare of your daughter and censuring me for marrying her without your consent, I beg leave to say I never did marry your daughter; never intended to and never shall. She is only my housekeeper, under my roof of her own free will and accord, and free to return to you as soon as she pleases. So you have made a great mistake and spent your fury on one who does not heed it in the least, and

cares not whether your opinion of him be good or bad. As I am about leaving for England, you will no doubt see the young adventuress soon.

"Yours Very Truly,

CHAS. SOUTHARD."

Miller. (*Springing to his feet.*) Was anything ever more infamous?

Lulu. Since that, I have suffered everything in trying to clear my name from the terrible stain which that letter has left upon it. I have followed him from place to place with a faint hope of getting my marriage certificate, which he carries with him, but all to no avail.

Miller. Say no more, Lulu. You shall have the proof of your marriage. But you are tired and weak now. I will take you to a place of safety, where you can rest till you are able to go home; and be assured, Lulu, I will never rest, night or day, till Charles Southard has made right this terrible wrong. Come.

Lulu. But brother, he is a dangerous man, and I feel for your safety should he get the advantage of you.

Miller. Never fear for me Lulu; I know him well and have shadowed him for the last week.

Lulu. I don't understand you, Robert.

Miller. Then you must know I am in the employ of the United States Secret Service, and about a week ago we spotted him as a counterfeiter, and I was sent out on his trail. (*Picks up letter.*) Hello! What have we here? (*Opens and reads.*)

"FRIEND PHELPS—The clan, deeming it as unsafe where they are, have fitted up the old abandoned laborers' barracks over at Round Point. They wish me to notify you that the boys will all be present on Tuesday week, next. Important business to transact. Be present if possible. The same old crone keeps the place. The signal is slightly changed, being four raps and a low whistle. Don't fail to come.

"P. S.—The Norton business is blown over and forgotten; at least we hear nothing more of it. Drop me a line if you can come.

TUCKER."

Miller. Well, now, that adds another link to my chain of evidence. What do you think of that, Lulu?

Lulu. I am not surprised at the contents of that letter, for it is in keeping with his other deeds of darkness; but, Robert, I am surprised at the role you are playing.

Miller. Let us go, sister. I will put this letter where I found it, for he may return and search for it, and it is necessary he should have it. (*Both exit, L. U. E. Slow music. After a pause enter Wolcott, from L. 1 E., looks around cautiously, takes a step in and listens.*)

Wol. The coast is clear. (*Comes quickly to R. and picks up letter.*) Eureka! Had they found that letter my last hope would have been gone; but for once fortune has favored me, and I will take good care that this sort of thing doesn't happen again. I'd give the world to know who it was that so unceremoniously stepped in my path. Fool! Let him take his life in his hands if he chooses. Charles Southard is not the man to be trifled with! And that little widow—oh, the precious little minx—does she think I will calmly submit to lose my prize so

easily? *Never!* I'll have revenge on all of them or die in the attempt. (*Opens letter.*) Let me see; Tucker said the new rendezvous was over on Round Point. There my word is law. I have it, by Jove! (*Slaps his thigh and laughs a harsh and ugly laugh.*) I'll kidnap the little beauty, and when once within the walls of the old barracks she shall become my wife or pay a good price for her liberty.

(*Enter Snifton and Splinters at back. Snifton's right coat sleeve is empty.*)

Wol. Then she shall learn that I am not the man to pocket an insult without resenting it. (*Splinters comes up behind and touches Wolcott on the shoulder. He starts in great surprise, and quickly levels two pistols at them. Both are much frightened, and shake with terror and hold up their hands.*)

Splint. Oh, sir, for mercy sake, don't shoot, I beg of you. I meant no harm, I assure you sir. I didn't upon my word.

Wol. (putting up pistols). I beg your pardon. I took you for other parties. I am sorry I scared you, but it's all right, I assure you. (*Recognizes Splinters.*) Why, bless me, ain't your name Splinters? Ain't you from New York?

Splint. Yes, sir, I have the honor of being John Horatio Splinters, LL.D., New York.

Wol. My name is Wolcott, of New York.

Splint. And, Mr. Wolcott, I have the honor of presenting to you Josephus K. Snifton (*winks to W.*) who is traveling with me for the purpose of restoring his health.

Wol. Oh, I see! Happy to know you, Mr. Snifton. By the way, Splinters, what are you doing to turn an honest penny now?

Splint. Well, in fact, Wolcott, I haven't turned any kind of penny lately. Hard luck again. Savvy?

Wol. You said you were a lawyer. If you were only a minister now I think I could use you to good advantage.

Splint. My dear sir, there is only this difference between the two:

A minister would send you above, you know,
While by lawyer's advice you'd bring up below.

And, my dear sir, although I am not acquainted with the exigencies of the case, I feel that I am abundantly able to fill any engagement in the clerical line which the emergency of the case may demand, provided that I am satisfied that I will receive proper remuneration for my services.

Wol. I see the point, Mr. Splinters, and although you look like an honest man, yet I am afraid to employ you, for I would be obliged to trust you with a secret which, if once divulged, would work my everlasting ruin. Are you sure, Mr. Splinters, I can trust you? And your friend here, can you vouch for him?

Splint. (striking an attitude). Mr. Wolcott, by all that's in the sky above, or in the earth below, we'll serve you well and never tell! We swear it. (*Snifton and Splinters clasp hands.*) Don't we, Joe?

Wol. I notice your friend has but one arm, and the work I have in view would require two strong arms and an iron nerve.

Splint. You see my friend Snifton was an old veteran, and in order to command the respect due to an old soldier, it was necessary they

should know that he laid down his good right arm fighting for the glorious cause of liberty; but as this is a case of emergency, we will have to set aside our usual *modus operandi*, and fall back on the old arm. (*Sniffton puts on coat sleeve.*) Is there any farther objection, Mr. Wolcott?

Wol. Well I think I can trust you, but it won't do to stand here too long. Let's stroll down the beach, and I'll tell you what I propose to do. You go on and I'll meet you at the west ravine.

Splint. All right, we will be there. Come, Sniffton. (*Both exit L. 1 E.*)

Wol. (going). I've made a lucky hit, and if they prove as good as I judge them to be, the little widow of the late William Willoughby will be in my power before she is a week older, and Lulu Miller, beware how you cross my path again! (*Exit L. 1 E. Miller comes on at R. quickly, and shading his eyes with his hand, looks after Wolcott.*)

TABLEAU. QUICK CURTAIN.

SCENE II. *Same as last scene, only dark stage. Lightning, rain and thunder. Red light seen in the distance; porch at back covered with sailors from life-saving station. Each carries a lantern which should be the only light on the stage; lights seen in distance at back in the excursion steamer returning in the storm. Sea cloths down and working. Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Lulu seated on sofa at R. in earnest conversation; sailors on porch watching steamer and giving orders. Guns heard on steamer.*

First Sailor (at back, speaking through trumpet). Can you port your helm? (*After a pause.*) Can you port your helm and receive line? (*Very distant voices.*) Aye, aye, sir!

First Sailor (to men). Away, tars, and set your mortar lines ready for signal.

Sailors. Aye, aye, sir. (*Sailors move off right.*)

First Sailor (through trumpet). Aye, mates, signal for line from top-sail! (*Lulu and Mrs. W. rise and look off back.*)

Mrs. W. Isn't this a fearful night! How I pity those poor people on the steamer (*to sailor at back*). Do you fear any danger for the steamer?

First Sailor. No danger unless her engines give out. (*Calls to men.*) Tars, watch close for line signal. (*voice R.*) Aye, aye, sir.

Mrs. W. (to Lulu). When do you go to New York?

Lulu. Robert said I should go in the morning. Can't you arrange to go by the same train?

Mrs. W. My dearest friend I would be only too happy to do so, but I don't believe I can go so soon; you may rest assured I shall call and see you as soon as I am in New York, for you are my dearest friend, and I feel that I can never repay you for the great kindness of warning me of my danger. (*Sailors at this time all leave at L. U. E.*)

(*Enter Splinters, L. 1 E., with a mock telegram. He has on a rubber coat.*)

Splint. Ladies, can you inform me where I may find Mrs. Edith Willoughby?

Mrs. W. That is my name, sir. Did you wish to see me?

Splint (giving telegram). I have a telegram for you. (*Mrs. W. tears it open and reads.*)

"New York, 9:15 P. M.

"EDITH—Come by first train. Edward very sick. Don't fail.
FRANK." (*To Lulu.*)

Mrs. W. Mercy on me, what can I do? My brother is sick and I not there!

Splint. There is plenty of time to catch the night express if you like, and as I came over in a cab I can wait till you are ready, and you can ride to the depot with me if you care to do so.

Mrs. W. You are very kind, sir, and I have half a mind to accept your offer if it won't discommode you too much.

Splint. Not in the least, madam. Take your time to get ready, and I will wait.

Mrs. W. (*To Lulu.*) Will you assist me in getting ready, I am so nervous. I wish to know the full particulars.

Lulu. Certainly. I shall be only too glad to assist you, and if brother Robert were here I would accompany you. (*Both exit L.*)

Splint. (*Coming down.*) She takes the bait nicely. Ah, but that Wolcott is a clever dog, and just the chap for a gentleman like me to fall in with, especially when my store of worldly goods is running low, and filthy lucre fails.

(*Enter Wolcott from R. & E. Steps cautiously to side of Splint.*)

Wol. Well, what's the outlook? Have you seen her?

Splint. Yes, sir. I am most happy to inform you that I delivered the message in person. She swallowed the hook and is donning her traveling attire. (*Wol. exit R. & E.*) I am waiting with all the bravery of a knight of ye olden time for the damsel to reappear, when I will escort her to the carriage, open the door, assist her to enter, close the door. Crack goes the whip, off go the steeds, and I leave the rest to your discretion. (*Looks around and finds W. gone.*) Well, I call that the height of impertinence.

(*Enter Mrs. W. L. U. & E. with cloak on, but no bonnet.*)

Mrs. W. I came to tell you that I have changed my mind and will wait for the early morning train. It won't make but a few hours' difference, and my friend will accompany me. I am sorry to detain you so long for nothing when you were so obliging. May I ask you to leave orders for a hack from the depot for the early train?

Splint. Most assuredly, madam, I will call this hackman, and you can give him your orders. (*Calls.*) Oh, Joe, come here. (*Enter Sniffton R. & E.*)

Splint. The lady wishes you to call and take her to the depot for the early morning train. (*Wolcott comes in unobserved by Mrs. W. and stands at her back. Takes out large handkerchief.*)

Mrs. W. Can I depend on you for the morning train without fail? (*She discovers Wol. at her back and screams. Splint. and Sniffton hold her hands while Wol. binds cloth over mouth.*)

Wol. There, my pretty one, who is master of the situation now? (*Mrs. W. faints, but is held up by men. Enter Sam L. U. E. hastily.*)

Sam. I tought I done hearn some one scream in heah. (*Wol. draws pistol and points at Sam who stands petrified with horror till curtain.*)

Wol. Move on, boys, quick. We've not a moment to spare.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of laborers' barracks at a wild spot on the coast; Rough and uncouth; heavy door at back C.; heavy grated door R. C.; rough, cross-legged table C.; candle on table: gang of counterfeiters loafing around; trap door in floor L. C. As the curtain rises they all sing Nancy Lee; after song, first man, who is sitting on table smoking clay pipe, to second who stands at R. leaning against wall with arms folded smoking.*)

First Man. I say, Jim, how much of the queer did you shove this week? Did you get rid of that batch of twenties?

No. 2. Bet yer life I did. And would have skipped a one hundred if one of them blasted spotters hadn't piped me off. But say, Joe, I've got just the dandiest lay-off for next week.

No. 3. (*Sitting on a nail keg.*) If you don't lay lower than you did in that deal on Lexington avenue, last Wednesday, you'll get a lay-off for about ten years, I'm thinking.

First Man. (*Laughing.*) Say, Jim, that was a close rub you got down there, wasn't it? How in blazes you dodged that cop is more than I can figger out.

No. 2. They say it's better to be born lucky than rich, and that's about what I thought that night.

First Man. Who knows whether Bob Wilson has been in this evening? Have any of you chaps seen him?

No. 3. Don't believe he has come yet. (*Calls off L.*) Granny Wizzle—oh, Granny.

(*Enter Granny Wizzle L. U. E.*)

Granny. Who is that bawling?

No. 3. Has Bob Wilson been here to-night?

Granny. Land sakes alive, how'd I know if he's ben here? It's none o' my business whether he comes or stays away.

No. 3. Well, you know whether he was here to hash, don't ye?

Granny. No. He wasn't here to hash, don't ye.

No. 3. Well, why don't you say so without bein' so touchy?

Granny. Drat your impudence! What are you pesterin' me for, you lazy good for nothing? (*Exit Granny spitefully L. U. E.*)

First Man. I tell you, gentlemen, Bob has got a full hand to play, if he steers clear of the nailors.

No. 2. (*To No. 4, sitting at back.*) Come, Todd, let's try a game of checkers. I suppose you sigh for revenge, don't ye?

No. 4. Well, I don't mind a game or two.

No. 2 crosses to L. side, and returns with checker board and box of men. Nos. 2 and 4 sit L. C. and play checkers.

No. 3. (Getting up and sitting at the table, to No. 1) Come, Tom, square yerself around here, and let's have a game of old sledge.

First Man. (Getting off table and sitting opposite No. 3. (All right. Come, you fellows, wake up and take a hand here.

Nos. 3 and 6 at back take seats at table. No. 3 produces a pack of cards and commences shuffling them.

No. 2. (At checkers looking at first man.) Tom, have you heard from Wolcott lately?

First Man. I got a letter from him last night. He said he would be here to-night, and what do you think, he's to be married again.

No. 2. What! Another money speculation, aint it?

No. 3. Do you suppose he'd give us an invite to put on our toggery and dance at his weddin'?

No. 2. Well, if he don't, I hope he'll never have the good luck to marry again.

(Miller is heard without singing in Dutch dialect. The men all listen.)

First Man. Well, now, what old sauer kraut packer is that?

(Enter Granny from L. U. E. with lighted candle.)

Granny. Why don't some o' ye go on the outside and see what that thing is prowlin' around here for. It bodes no good, I can tell ye that.

No. 2. Open the door, Granny, and see who it is.

(Granny opens the door at back and holds the candle over her head.)

(Enter Miller disguised as a Dutchman.)

Granny. What do you want here?

Miller. Vat do I vant here. I vant to come in und see de beeples. I spose you vas got no opchections. (Comes and looks over table.) Ve gates, poys, how you all vas dis evenin'?

First Man. Well, Dutchy, what do you want here? Do your errand and skip.

Miller. I vant to contract some sausages. I got some bully goot und I contract dem so sheap as never vas.

No. 2. Where is your sausage, Dutchy.

Miller. Oh, dot vas py mine shop. You see, my goot frients, I vas first take some orders for dat sausages, und den I writes to mine broter und he send him along righd away.

Granny. (Goes off L. grumbling.) That fellow is an old fool.

Miller. (Laughing.) She dinks I vas an old fool, don't it?

First Man. Look here, Dutchy, I believe you are an old fraud. You don't know any more about sausage than a pig knows about a euchre deck, and you had better be moving on.

Miller. Oh, ish dot so? You dink better of I git out.

First Man. (Drawing a pistol and pointing at Miller.) Yes, and the quicker the better. Now pint.

Miller (examining the pistol closely). Ish it loated? Let me look at it. (Men all laugh heartily. First man puts up pistol. No. 2 rolling up sleeves.) Let me get a clip at him. I'll set him moving.

Miller (points his pipe at him). Look here, mine frient, of you make foolishness mit me, I will plow your prains oud mid dot pipe, so help me gracious. *(One of the men tries to feel in Miller's pocket from behind).* Here, vat you vas apout. Better of you keep oud of mine pocket. *(To men).* By chiminy, of you don't shtop dot foolishness sompody got hurt now puty quick. Vy I vas eat more Injuns und vild biffelo ash vash in this room. *(Men all laugh.)*

No. 2. Hear the man talk. I say, Dutchy, do you make your sassage of buffalo meat and Indians?

Miller. No, mine frient. You vash too smart.

First Man. Tell us what you know about buffalo, Dutchy.

Miller. Oxxickly. I vill tell you all about dot how I killed more as ein hundert biffelo all at one shot.

All. One hundred buffalo!

Miller. Oxxickly. Ein hundred. I vill tell you all about dot. You see here vas a long blif, und here *(points down back)* vas it down more ash ein hundertfeet *(points front)*, und here it vas down more as tswi hundert feet *(points L.)*. Dot vay vas all right und *(points R.)*, dot vay vas all right. Now, poys, here vos come more ash a hundred biffelo by himmel. Dot heat biffelo vas a big biffelo cow's proder, und I dink I vill fix dat feller. So I youst drop down *(drops on one knee)* like dat, und I take goot aim like dat *(to men L.)*. Say, mine good frient, you youst step ofer dot vay so I can shot dot biffelo. Plunk! *(gets up)* dot biffelo vas deat? No, py chiminy, he vas not deat. He vas alife und his sisters und him vas all coming after me. I shtart to run dot vay *(points R.)*, und so help mine Gott, here vas come more as drei hundert Injuns, und of I go dot vay, der Injuns vould kill me, und of I go dot vay dot biffelo vould hook my prains out; und dere vos der Injins und dere vas der biffilo, und dere vas der bliff, und here vas der bliff, und I see right avay quick dot I haf to jump down dot bliff more ash zwei hundert feet to safe my life. So I get back hin und I shut up mine eyes, und I runs to der plif und—*(Miller stands quite still and looks at them.)*

No. 2. Well, go on, Dutchy—what did you do?

Miller. Vy dem Injuns youst went for dem biffelo and den shneaked avay, dot's all.

First Man. Boys, he's a confounded old fraud. Put him out.

(Boys take him by the arms and start to lead him out.)

Miller. Look here, poys. Better of you don't make foolishness mit me.

(Enter Wilson back C. He takes a close look at Miller.)

Wilson. Boys, what have you got here?

First Man. Oh, that is Barnum's "What is it," and if you will name it you may have it. I call it an automatic sausage machine.

Wilson. And I call you the biggest lot of fools that ever got together in one place. You are a nice set of lads to have charge of this business. *(The men all stare at him. Miller comes down).* I am ashamed to be called one of you.

First Man. Look here, Wilson, it is my opinion that you are saying a little too much. What do you mean?

Wilson. What do I mean? (*Points to Miller.*) Do any of you block-heads know that man?

All. No!

Wilson. Then I will tell you, although you ought all to be horse-whipped for your stupidity. That Dutchman is a Yankee (*men draw pistols*) and none other than one of Dudley's best men. (*Pulls off Miller's wig and hat. Men quickly cover Miller with pistols.*)

All. The Yankee Detective. (*No. 3 springs and shuts door C.*)

Miller. Yes, gentlemen, if such you may be called, I am an operative of Capt. Dudley's agency, at your mercy. Yet, would I take my chances here a thousand times, rather than be like that man (*points to Wilson*), a traitor to the man that gives me employment.

Wilson. Look here, Robert Miller, you had better be a little choice of your language. You are a good detective, and as a man I owe you no grudge, but you are this time in the wrong pew. You are our enemy, and that means death. Miller, I'm sorry for you, but you must remember our reputation is at stake, and your liberty would be our downfall, and although I am sorry you were foolhardy enough to venture into our rendezvous, yet I must join with these, my comrades, in concealing our identity, even at the expense of your life or a dozen more. Come, men, the old tool house is just the place for him till we can find a way of getting rid of him.

Miller. Men, is there no other alternative?

All. None! (*First man and No. 2 lead him to the dungeon. No. 3 unlocks and opens door.*)

Miller. Men, I fully realize my position, and while I know that to beg for favors of this band is useless, yet I would ask you in the name of right and justice—can you afford to add murder to your already long list of crimes?

No. 2. Your theory like your sausage, is awfully thin, and won't save you in this case.

Wilson. No, Miller, your doom is sealed, and further words are useless.

Miller. Then, sir, I will die like a man, and it is a consolation to know that my last hours were spent in trying to bring to justice the enemies of society. (*Exit through door. Men bar and lock door.*)

Wilson (coming down). Boys, how long has that man been here, and how did he get in?

First Man. Only a short time, Wilson.

No. 2. But long enough to take in the situation and us too.

No. 3. Yes, and get taken in himself. Deuced lucky you chanced to get here in time to cook his goose.

Wilson. But how are we to get rid of him?

First Man. Tap his jugular vein, of course, and when he is defunct, dig a hole in the cellar and chuck him in.

Wilson. Boys, it's too early yet, and some one might pipe us. My idea is to wait till the tide is setting out, and then we can drop him into the water, and if the body is found, perhaps miles below here, no one will ever mistrust the work was done by any one in this vicinity.

No. 3. Boys, to me this is a serious matter, and I wish there was some way out of it without committing murder (*boys all laugh*). Oh, you may call me a tenderfoot if you want to, but I mean it.

Wilson. I presume we all feel just as you do. We would like to see some other way out, but there is no other alternative that I can see.

No. 2. Gentlemen, Wilson is right. This man has entered our place of business for the purpose of spotting us, and should he live to reach Captain Dudley's agency again, our ruin would be certain, for he has spotted every one of us. There is only one thing that will save us from wearing the striped jackets, and as he must have known it would be certain death to be caught here, I say, let him pay the penalty of his folly.

Several. That is business.

No. 3. Boys, I believe we are all of one opinion. Self-defense is one of the first laws of nature, and that law I shall indorse every time.

First Man. Men, there is no use of mincing this matter, our only safety lies in his death, and I move you that at 12 to-night he be taken care of.

(All assent in silence.)

Wilson (looks at watch). Then, gentlemen, as it is early yet, I will go over to the landing for a few minutes. Keep a sharp lookout, for he is liable to have pals lurking round. Where is Granny?

First Man. She's in the kitchen. *(Calls.)* Granny, come here!

(Enter Granny Wizzle L. U. E.)

Wilson. Granny, look here, we have caught an old rat, and to-night at 12 we are going to exterminate him.

Granny. Ah, ha! I told them that Dutchman was an old fool, and now they've found it out, I guess. I tell ye I'm too old a bird to be ketched by chaff.

Wilson. Well, we've locked him in the cell there, and we are all going away till midnight. You must keep awake till we come back. Listen close to see if any one comes prowling outside.

First Man. Now, mind you, old woman, don't you get to sleep, or take too many nips from that little black bottle.

Granny. I'd like to know if it's any of your business how many nips I take, as long as I pay for the fillin'. I'd like to spit in yer face, ye young upstart.

Wilson. Never mind, Granny. Take as many sips as you like, only don't get drunk and forget yer business. And remember, Granny, don't answer any signals unless it is the correct rap.

Granny. Now, you know, Mr. Wilson, it ain't necessary to say all that to me. If you was as cautious yerselves as the old woman is, it would be a mighty sight better for all on us.

No. 2. Wilson, don't you think it's a better plan to lock the door outside?

No. 3. That's business, Wilson, then we are sure everything is safe. If Wolcott comes some of us will see him before he reaches here.

Wilson. All right, that's a good plan, boys, and if any one comes, Granny, and gives the right rap, just tell them to wait outside till we return.

Granny (snappishly). Well, don't stand gabbin' here any longer or it will be midnight before you leave.

Wilson. That's a fact, Granny. Come, boys, are you all ready? Here, Granny, put this in your pocket to be handy in case of emergency. (*Hands her pistol.*) Now keep your eyes and ears open, Granny, and you will lose nothing by it. Come, boys. (*All exit back. Wilson holds door open, going out last. Business of locking door on outside. Granny takes out old clay pipe and bag of tobacco, fills and lights it, at same time says in a grumbling tone; others getting ready to leave during this speech.*)

Granny. This is a nice piece of business, this is, to let that old fool get the drop on the boys in that way; I knew all the time that he wasn't a Dutchman, but the fellers nowadays ain't as smart as when I was young. No, they ain't so smart as they was in them days. (*Feels in pocket and takes out little black bottle.*) They say the time is comin' when that stuff won't be made any more. Ah me, I hope it won't be in my day. Precious little comfort I'd git if it wasn't for my pipe an' terbacker, and the fillin' that's in that little demijohn; (*takes a drink*) that's the stuff to limber up yer jints when ye have the rumatics.

Miller (speaking through bars at door). I say, my good woman, come here to the door and let me tell you something. (*Granny doesn't appear to hear him.*) If you will help me to get out of here, I will give you more money than you will get here in ten years.

Granny. Now then, Mister, you might as well shut right up, for ye are wastin' yer breath blabbin' at me. I wouldn't help ye to git out for all the money ye could stack in this house—and besides that I couldn't help ye if I wanted to, for the men have got the keys. Oh, ye will git out at midnight, if ye have patience.

Miller. But, my good woman, let me appeal to your better nature. You are a woman. Perhaps you have sons. If your son was placed in the same position as I am in, with death staring him in the face, would you think it right for him to be murdered in cold blood for doing his duty, and obeying the orders given him?

Granny. I haven't got any boys. If I had, and they wasn't any sharper than you, I'd pizen every blamed one ov 'em.

Miller. My good woman, do you think—

Granny. It's none o' your bizness what I think.

Miller. But, my good woman, just one word.

Granny. Shut up, an' don't speak tew me again. You've made a fool ov yerself pryin' round, and ye ought to pay fur it, an' I wouldn't help ye if I could. So now, let me be.

Miller. Let me tell you what I wished to, and then I will be quiet.

Granny (takes out pistol, cocks it, and lays it on table). Now look here, young man, if ye speak to me agin, I'll give ye all there is in that gun before ye can say scat. (*She takes a drink, and yawns.*)

Miller (withdrawing from door). Is there no way to circumvent that old hag? Great heavens! it is already after eleven. Those devils will dare to put their threat into execution. Here I am caught like a rat in a trap. I'm not prepared to die, but if I must I will sell life dearly. (*Granny has nodded off to sleep with head on table.*) Ha! The old woman is asleep! I wonder if some of my keys will fit that lock (*puts hand through bars and tries keys*). No, that faint hope is crushed ere it is scarcely formed. If I only had a file I'd be able to fit a key to that lock. I wonder if I can't do it with my pocket knife file. (*Takes out*

knife, opens, and files on key, stopping to try in lock. Another faint hope is dawning. It is lucky for me that those fellows didn't take the trouble to search for anything but my weapons. (*Tries key again—it fits; unlocks door.*) While there is life there is hope, and I may yet cheat them of their prey. (*Takes out lock. As the bar on door falls, a strain of soft music, door swings open, Miller goes on tiptoe to table, secures the pistol, placing in hip pocket. Music ceases.*) Half the battle is won. Now to get out of these old barracks. (*Examines door.*) It is locked on the outside, and as impossible to move as the rocks of Gibraltar. (*Looks at watch.*) Great heavens, it only wants a quarter to twelve! Fifteen short moments and I will be a free man, or a corpse. (*Looking around room.*) If I could only find an axe or saw. (*Looks all around, goes in room L. U. E. Soft music till he returns.*) I can find nothing with which to make my escape. (*Examines pistol.*) I will take my station at the door and as it is opened I will fire among them and make a bold dash for liberty. There is no moon, thank heaven! (*suddenly pauses as an idea occurs to him.*) Let me see—while I was playing the role of Dutchman I thought I caught sight of a blind trap door. (*Looks closely about floor and finds door, which he raises.*) Well now, if I haven't struck a mine of tools, counterfeit money, and dies, and what is this? (*Takes out first bottle and reads label.*) Nitric acid! (*Takes out another and reads*) Chloroform! (*Springs to his feet.*) That is just what I want. Now if I can work fast the battle is mine. (*Puts down door, takes out handkerchief and saturates it with chloroform and holds it to Granny's nose, who gradually seems to grow lifeless. Looks at watch.*) Only ten minutes grace left. I guess you will give me no trouble now, old lady. (*Carries Granny into dungeon. Soft music till his return. Miller puts on Granny's dress, wig, and cap, and walks with her cane. Rap heard outside. He takes candle from table and goes to door; holds candle over head. Raps heard.*)

Miller (*in a squeaky voice*). All right. Why on arth don't ye come in? Do ye s'pose I can open the door when it's locked on the outside?

(*Dorr opens and Wilson comes in, followed by men. He discovers the door has been tampered with.*)

Wilson. What does this mean? (*Looks inside and sees Granny, turns quickly.*) Men, quick! Shoot the Yankee Detective. (*Miller springs out, pulling the door to behind him, locks it on the outside. Men draw revolvers, rush to door but can't get out. Wilson points to Granny in cell.*) Boys, there is the old woman, and that fellow has her gown on. Curse him! We are nicely caught this time. (*Men look in cell.*)

No. 2. I tell you, gentlemen, this isn't the last of it. We're caught in our own trap.

No. 3. That's what's the matter. He will have a squad of police down on us before we can possibly escape.

Wilson. Boys, there isn't even an ax in this place, everything is outside except ourselves.

First Man. Hold on, Wilson. Can't we get a hole through the roof? There is a rope in the other room. Let's draw some one up to the garret and let him try it. I'll get the rope. (*Exits L. U. E., and returns with rope. Wilson opens trap door and takes out packages of bogus bills, plates, etc.*)

Wilson. Boys, let's get these things up to the garret as soon as the first man is up. Who has a large handkerchief? (*No. 2 gives a big red one.* *Wilson proceeds to do the things in a bundle. A man throws end of rope over beams above, and makes a loop in one end to admit a man's foot*) Here, Jim, we'll pull you up first. Put your foot in that loop—now, boys, get hold. (*All take hold but Wilson, who holds bundle.*) All together!

(*At this instant the entire back wall falls in and shows platoon of police, each carrying a lantern, and drawn revolver. Miller steps inside.*)

Miller. Hands up! (*All throw up.*) Mr. Wilson, I will relieve you of your precious burden. (*Hands bundle to police.*)

Wilson. Well, Yankee, you have got the drop on us.

Miller. Yes, I've got the drop on you Wilson; I'm sorry for you, and as a token of my regard, and to show you just how sorry I am, allow me to present you with a pair of jewels. (*Miller takes a pair of handcuffs from under coat, Wilson draws a knife, but Miller is too quick for him and presents pistol, Wilson drops knife.*) Mr. Wilson, place your left wrist in there. That's right. Now your other—there. (*Locks them.*) Gentlemen, I am sorry I have only one set of bracelets, but I think we can manage to accommodate you all. (*To police.*) Officers, the first man who fails to obey orders make an example of him. (*To prisoners.*) Men, fall in line here; Wilson, you take the lead. (*The men fall in, Miller goes behind, takes pistol from each man's pocket, and hands them to police.*) Right face. (*Men all face ahead toward Wilson.*) Now each man place his hands on the next man's shoulder. (*They obey.*) If any one removes his hands I will not answer for the consequences.

Wilson. Mr. Miller, where are you going with us?

Miller. I am to take your friends here to the City Cooler, and you have a special invite to appear at a reception to be held at Captain Dudley's headquarters as soon as I can escort you there.

Wilson. The devil, you say.

Miller. Forward, march! (*They march to the front R, cross to L. and back, and out of door; as they disappear*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

SCENE II. *Same as before, with wall replaced. Miller in the disguise of the old woman, seated at table, candle on table. Cane on floor by his side.*

Miller. That Wilson beats my time. A trusted operator in Dudley's Detective Agency for a long time, and has had positions of trust assigned him, times without number. (*Looks at watch.*) I think Prof. Wolcott will be here soon, and I have reason to believe he will have the little widow with him. Wolcott is the man to account for her disappearance (*Miller goes to door and looks out, then comes down*). It seems to me they

NOTE. The door in the back should be a little left of C., the wall from door to R. should be built up as high, or a little higher than a man's head, with blocks 4x4 8 inches long, and the wings painted to match. At the signal a heavy report should be made by striking on a bass drum; at the same instant the wall is pushed in with a crash showing the blue coats each with a bulls' eye or lantern, and a bead drawn on men inside.

are a long time coming. (*A sharp rap is heard at door. Miller takes cane, hobbles to door, swings it wide open. Wolcott and Snifton appear in door with Mrs. Willoughby.*)

Wol. Where are the boys, old woman?

Miller. They were all here just a little time ago. They've gone over to the city, I guess.

Wol. Did they leave any word for me, or say when they would be back?

Miller. No, they didn't; but who is the lady you have with you?

Wol. This, Granny, is my wife that is to be, and I want to leave her in your charge till I can get a minister.

Mrs. W. (whose hands are tied). It's false! Would he tie my hands in that brutal manner if I were to be his wife? No, that villain has brought me from Long Branch without my consent.

Wol. Mrs. W. I am glad you have found your tongue again. Your wrath makes you better looking every minute. Keep on and you will be a handsome woman some day. I will untie your hands now if you will agree not to pull your own hair all out; (*unties her*) I would be sorry to have a bald-headed wife.

Mrs. W. You are a wretch, and if I am ever at liberty you shall repent this day's work; (*to Miller*). You are a woman. Have you no pity on me? Be my friend, and I will reward you well.

Miller. What's the matter o' ye woman? That ain't no way to take on 'bout yer future husband. Don't make a fool of yerself. Stand up bravely and have the knot tied, and after yer spliced then ye can pull his har and scratch his eyes out if ye want to. It will only be in keeping with married life.

Wol. That's business, Granny. You know how it is yerself, don't ye. Come, Mrs. W., let me escort you into the parlor till I return with the priest (*leads her to dungeon*).

Mrs. W. Oh, I beg of you, woman, help me out of this terrible place. (*Wolcott locks door and puts key in pocket.*)

Miller. Oh, ye needn't look to me for help. I've something else to do but listen to wimmen who whines about their future husbands.

Wol. Now, granny, go to the kitchen and prepare a nice lunch while I am gone, and if any of the boys come, tell them to stay right here till I come back. I won't be gone long. Snifton, you take that hack back as soon as possible, then return to witness my marriage (*exit Snifton*), and, my dear Mrs. W. I hope to find you in better spirits when I return, for I shall have a minister with me to make us one. Bye, bye, dear. (*Throws a kiss*). Ta, ta, darling. (*Exit door back*).

Mrs. W. (behind the bars). Oh, my dear woman, is there no way I can touch your heart? I will pay you well.

Miller (coming and unlocking door). Mrs. Willoughby, banish your fears, for I am your friend. I am Robert Miller, but just now playing the role of an old woman.

Mrs. W. (coming out, Hesitates.) Can I trust you? Yes, thank heaven, I am saved. Mr. Miller, how can I ever repay you? I believe heaven sent you to my rescue, but, Mr. Miller, are you quite safe? That man is to return soon, and if he should, heaven protect us both, for he is a demon in human form.

Miller. We must be in readiness when he comes.

Mrs. W. Oh, Mr. Miller, let us go at once.

Miller. No, Mrs. Willoughby, I am not ready to go yet, and it isn't safe for you to go alone. Follow my advice and right will triumph over wrong. Wolcott (or Phelps, as you know him), is the leader of a gang of counterfeiters, and this is their rendezvous. They have all been captured but he, and we shall soon bring him to justice. Put these pistols under your cloak, and when the time comes show them you are not the timid creature they took you for.

Mrs. W. Oh, Mr. Miller, I couldn't use one even to save my own life. I was always a coward with fire arms.

Miller. You must forget that feeling, Mrs. Willoughby. As soon as Wolcott sees them and knows whose hands he is in, he will be as penitent as a whipped cur. Now please go back into the dungeon, and when he comes don't get excited or show by word or look that he is in our power. Let him and his would-be priest go on with their plan till you see my signal. Then present both pistols on a level with Wolcott's head.

Mrs. W. Mr. Miller, I feel as if I were not equal to the occasion, but I will do the best I can. (*Mrs. W. goes in the cell, and Miller locks the door.*)

Miller. I guess we were none too soon, for I hear footsteps. (*A strain of music as the door swings open and Wolcott steps in, followed by Splinters disguised as a priest, while Snifton brings up the rear.*)

Wol. Well, old woman, haven't any of those men come yet?

Miller. No they haint.

Wol. Well, that's queer, but I can't afford to wait for them, so Father Lamont, we will begin at once. (*Unlocks door and leads Mrs. W. out.*) My dear, I am happy to find your anger has subsided during my absence. My love, allow me to present to you the Rev. Father Lamont, who is to make us man and wife.

Splint. My dear young lady, I see you are very timid, and I sympathize with you. However, as I take it for granted that it is your wish that I proceed with the nuptial ceremony, I will do so. According to the laws of this State, I must state that if any one knows of any reason why these two people should not be made man and wife, let him speak now or forever after hold his peace.

Mrs. W. I have a good reason for not wishing to be married. It is against my will.

Wol. Proceed. She isn't responsible just now.

(*Miller throws off his disguise and presents two pistols. Mrs. W. throws off cloak and presents two more.*)

Miller. Charles Southard, perhaps two objections are better than one, and allow me to inform you that you are our prisoner. Stir a step and your life is not worth a farthing.

(*Splinters and Snifton both drop on their knees in a supplicating manner. Wolcott stands with clenched fists, a picture of defiance.*)

Wol. What infernal trap is this you are trying to get me into? Man, why are you masquerading here in this manner? Who are you?

Miller. I am Robert Miller, the brother of a lady you once called your wife; the brother of the wronged Lulu Miller.

Wol. That is a lie. She was never my wife—I was never married to her.

Miller. We shall see whether it's a lie. Hold up your hands. (*Wolcott holds up his hands. Miller puts pistol in his belt; takes Wolcott's pistol and a knife from his belt under his coat.* Now, Charles Southard, give me that marriage certificate you have in your breast pocket.

Wol. I haven't got it.

Miller. Give me that paper or take the consequences of refusal.

(*Wolcott takes out a large envelope and gives to Miller.*)

Wol. There it is. You have had your own way. Now will you release us?

Miller. Charles Southard, that part of my mission is done. This certificate will clear my sister's name from the disgrace you tried to place upon it, but I have another mission to perform—a duty which I owe to my employer. You, Charles Southard, alias Wolcott, alias Phelps, etc., are the leader of the gang of counterfeitters who make this their rendezvous. Your men are all in the city jail, your spurious money and dies are at Dudley's Detective headquarters. I am the blind musician whom you saw at Tucker's, better known to you and your gang as the Yankee Detective, and you are my prisoner. (*Miller gives a sharp whistle. Three policemen enter at back.*) Officers, escort these men to the city jail.

Splint. Gentlemen, I assure you I am not one of this man's pals. I am a peaceful citizen.

Snif. So be I.

Splint. I am sorry I was so foolish as to be led into iniquity by this bold, bad man.

Snif. So be I.

Splint. But, gentlemen, if you will allow me to depart in peace I assure you I will profit by this lesson, and will never be caught in bad company.

Snif. Neither will I.

Miller. Are you a minister, sir?

Splint. No, sir (*Splinters takes off robe and cap*), but poverty tempted me to don the garb of a priest, for that man was to pay me well.

Snif. And me too.

Miller. Well, it isn't for me to judge you. We have a man up at the Court who is paid for doing that sort of thing.

(*First officer puts handcuffs on Wolcott. Second takes Splinters by arm; third takes Snifton. Mrs. W. gives pistols to Miller.*)

Miller (to audience). And now we have finished our mission satisfactorily to myself, and I hope to you.

Splint. Allow me to make one remark before being shut up. If I ever get out of this scrape alive, I will be an honest man, and turn to my old profession of practicing law.

Snif. So will I.

Miller. Then, kind people, I will escort Mrs. Willoughby to her friends, but before leaving, allow me to extend to you the best wishes of
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